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(All information about the Magazine will be found on the 65th page)



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Prologue.

Hello! Hello! Nizam College calling.

And the call is to rally round this our College and to give a prosperous send off to our venture, the revival of the College Magazine after several years of silence.

WHEN this project first originated in the *intelligensia* section of Senior B.A., we little anticipated the labour and tribulation about to descend upon our normally restful sanctuum. Little did we foresee the reams of fair paper, the gallons of ink, the deep mass of profound and philosophic thought, the vast amount of abstruse and scholarly erudition that was to be offered us. Our trusty lieutenants Mr. Sankaran and Mr. Asgar Ashruff began to exhibit a strange and hunted look, and to dive hurriedly for shelter on the appearance in the distance of any Junior Inter. student bearing a mysterious bundle of manuscript. But now it is all over, and as we depart to recruit our wearied energies with the ozone of Nizam Sagar, we reflect with conscious satisfaction, "All's well".

To be serious, we have to thank most sincerely all the undergraduates who have contributed to the first issue of *The Collegian*. To those who have not attained a niche in the House of Fame, we offer the consolation of a certain Chinese editor, who returned the following message of rejection to an ambitious contributor: "Honoured and Illustrious Sir, when we in our mean insignificance were graciously allowed to read the jewels of your incomparable article, our senses were struck dumb by its beauty and splendour. It was immediately

obvious to us that it was the finest effort that had ever been made in the highest realm of journalism. But we immediately realised that the readers of our vile paper would be thrown into such transports of ecstasy by your gems of wisdom that they would refuse to read any words of lesser merit in our future editions, and would be discontented if lesser work were offered to them. Since we know that work of such mighty genius can never again be repeated by the mind of man, we have been reluctantly compelled to decline to inflict future disappointment on our readers."

We thank all who have aided us, though not actually students of the College. A powerful appeal to all students from the pen of a prominent member of our Board of Governors, Nawab Sir Akbar Hydari, graces our pages. We feel a reflected pride in the fact that the voice which has been so often raised in the deliberations of the Board has now been listened to with respectful attention in the great Synod of London, by the greatest statesmen of the British Empire. From our venerable and loved friend, Nawab Sir Amin Jung, we have a contribution of profound and scholarly thought, setting a standard of literary effort which enables our little volume to emerge with conscious pride, fearing comparison with none. Long may he continue to shed the light of his countenance on us! Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung has kindly contributed an article which rings like a clarion call to the pioneers of educational progress, and will appeal to a wider circle than that enclosed by the boundaries of our State. So we go forth with a bodyguard of warriors of repute, prepared to break a lance with whosoever may enter the lists with us.

As we approach the end of the academic year, the cry is still one of continued progress and advance. The number of admissions to the College has again touched a fresh high-



water mark, and the number who were unfortunately refused admission, owing to considerations of accommodation, was greater than ever before. The torch of learning lighted by the Great Salar Jung in 1881 continues to burn with an ever-increasing radiance; our old boys have carried the sparks of fire into every corner of the Dominions; the distance beacons to us with even mightier hopes. We thank them, one and all, for the manner in which they have rallied whenever the voice of the Alma Mater has been heard.

Our record in deeds of prowess on the sports field is still untarnished. During the last academic year, we had the proud distinction of carrying off all the Inter-College championships, Cricket, Football, Hockey, and Athletic Sports. The Cricket XI, looking afield, like Alexander, is now invading the districts of Bangalore and Mysore. In this respect, we gratefully thank our illustrious patron, Nawab Moin-ud-Dowalah Bahadur, that great-hearted sportsman, for generously supplying the sinews of war, and so making such a trip possible. May the blessed smile of his Alma Mater reward him!

Our Athletic Sports this year again supplied a brilliant social function, at which four hundred and fifty guests sat down to tea. But for the rain, our accommodation would have been severely taxed. In our financial arrangements, we were generously helped by such distinguished Old Boys as Maharajah Sir Kishen Pershad, Nawab Salar Jung Bahadur, and Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur, to none of whom has the old school ever appealed in vain. And we cannot allow this to close without a special tribute to our generous patron, the Maharajah Saheb, now nearing the close of a long and distinguished career in the service of our State. His genial and unassuming disposition, his old-world courtesy to all, his happy combination of practical statesmanship and the poetic art, all these have

gained him a place in the hearts of our students. May he long continue to be the ideal and "the glass of fashion," to the present generation, and, when he ultimately sheathes the sword for a well earned rest, the love in many hearts will go out to him from the institution which he formerly graced.

But we draw to a close. Already the grim shadows of approaching examinations loom large on our horizon, and the faces of the senior classes wear that preoccupied expression which signifies long hours of burning the midnight oil. Our face is preoccupied by the thought that the local equivalent for the said midnight oil is electricity, and that our payments to the Mint are unduly increased by excessive zeal for knowledge. Will all concerned note well? (By the way, we do not like to be visited in the midst of our severe official labours to be told the latest Scotsman story!). To all about to leave us next March, we give the word "Take up and carry on the torch! Go forth into the dull villages, into the wide districts, carrying with you the sparks of the sacred fire which has inspired you here! For now, as never before, do our State and our Country call for Leaders of Men."

We go to press as a great historic event is upon us, the union by a double marriage of the royal families of Hyderabad and Turkey. That this may inaugurate an era of a fresh prosperity for our State is the sincere wish of every Collegian, and we all join in wishing long life and happiness to His Exalted Highness, the Nizam, and to the two distinguished Sahebzadas and their brides.

The Editor.





MAHARAJA SIR KISHEN PERSHAD BAHADUR G. C. I. E.,
(The most distinguished of our many *Alumni*)

"Pictorial Hyderabad"

Nizam College.

FOUNT of Knowledge ! Well I know
 Thou art eternal, past a doubt !
 Time's tempests may not dare to blow
 Thy soul to nought, Thy sons pass out
 As earnest toilers to and fro—
 Thou blendest both the friend and foe !
 The old returning students view
 Thy hallowed and hilarious face,
 And seeking guidance all anew
 They bless thee and chant thy praise.
 Mine of Knowledge ! We adore
 Opals of thy precious store.

—Chida

“Objectivity”*

CULTIVATE objective vision while you are still young.

When you grow old it will be too late to do so; for your minds will have hardened, each in a mould in which you have allowed it to set. It will enable you to see things as they really are, and so to help to make them as they ought to be. If we see things as they really are not, through prejudice or careless vision, how can we ever hope to set them right? Above all, it will enable you to see yourselves, occasionally and when you choose, as others see you. Most of us go through life comfortably wrapped up in good opinion of ourselves; no matter what we do, we find excuse for it because we do it. And often it comes as a terrible and painful shock to a man who has thus lived wrapped up in self-satisfaction, when he finds that other people think his character absurd, his conduct blameworthy. Turn the searchlight on yourself occasionally; all the better if you are displeased with what it shows you, for that will make you eager to improve.

The need of the kind of vision I am recommending to you is particularly great in our own country just now. India has just made a lofty claim before the world and her claim is being favourably heard. Indians have got to justify that claim by their behaviour. Communalism, the worst product of the unobjective mind, will, if we indulge it, ruin and disgrace our country in the eyes of the whole world. Hindus have their virtues and their special gifts and so have Muslims.

* Extracts from the inaugural address delivered at the College Union.

Both have contributed greatly to the culture, art, and thought of India and of the world. They have their separate histories well deserving to be studied ; but what I would impress upon you here, you students of the Nizam College, is that Muslims and Hindus have a *common history, and a splendid common history*, here in India extending over several hundred years. For centuries they lived together amicably in an Empire which made India great among the nations of the world—an Empire in which Hindus and Muslims equally shared—an Empire of which our Hyderabad is the sole surviving remnant. No one is more conscious than I am that our country is still backward in some ways, but Muslims, please remember, and Hindus please remember, there is nothing in the world so backward as the blind, mad, communal hatred which is being cultivated, I am sorry to say, in some other parts of India. It is the will of His Exalted Highness the Nizam to reform and improve the administration and to raise the people of these Dominions, so that Hyderabad may become the model of an Indian modern State, and His Exalted Highness expects Hindus and Muslims both loyally to help his Government in this great and by no means easy work of progress.

Hyderabad is as big as many a country of Europe. It is bigger than several countries of Europe which have won renown by their achievements. It is for you the people of Hyderabad to make Hyderabad great in prosperity and renowned for peaceful progress, to make it culturally and economically what it is geographically—the heart of India. The Government can only provide you with a framework allowing of your great and rapid progress, and that Government is doing as quickly as it can. And Government can do no more than that without your active help. It is for you to fill in that framework, using the materials with which the State provides you, with the myriad cells of the activity of a happy,

peaceful, and well protected people and to store those cells with the honey of a nation's wealth. It is owing to the absence of objective vision that young men see no career save Government service. Government service may have certain advantages for the individual, and it may be useful to the community, but that depends entirely on the zeal and conscience of the individual. From the nation's point of view it is at best only like the service of the man who looks after the ground on which the match is played, the service of the man who keeps the house in which the work is done and sees to it that the workers have all that they require to make the product of their work the best possible. It is the agriculturist first and foremost, then, in connection with the agriculturist, the merchant, the manufacturer, the miner, the weaver, the inventor of new means for using the natural products of our country to increase the nation's wealth and to reduce the number of the destitute, who is the real worker for the country, and it is he and such as he for whose welfare our gracious Ruler and all who have the honour to serve him in his Government are mainly concerned. Productive workers *only* can fill in the framework. Their work is of incalculable value, and the whole framework of Government exists only to secure, protect, help, and encourage their work. It is on its young men that a country depends.

I know that it is distasteful to youth to be patient. They would like to crown the achievements of a decade in a year. Nor can I find it in my heart to blame the impatience of youthful enthusiasm for it is that which makes a man to aspire for things better. On the other hand, let not your impatience make you unfair in assessing the value of what has so far been achieved. I make bold to say that no dispassionate observer of our kind would fail to regard the steady progress in all directions which Hyderabad has registered in recent times, and

especially during the reign of our present gracious Sovereign the Nizam. I would ask you to have a pride in the achievements of Hyderabad and its well-being, willing to learn whatever others may have to teach you for good, because some things are happening beyond our borders which are good and should be copied.

One of the tendencies of to-day in British India is to bring religious differences into regions where they have no right to exist; into politics, education; into matters which ought to be common ground where men of all religions can meet on equal terms, agree as good citizens. We in Hyderabad must be careful to avoid that tendency which proceeds from nothing else but lack of objectivity. We have to notice and avoid the errors which our neighbours make. We have derived much benefit from European education, but we must remember that we are still Indians and that Indians have a different genius from Europeans, and that to adopt a European framework for the life of India might tend to cramp, and not develop and expand that genius. We want to create conditions which will give that genius free play here in Hyderabad, and without objective vision we can never do so. We have first of all to see Hyderabad as it is and then imagine it as a unit of a future Federation of all India. In order to become a unit it must first become a unity. We have a model for future unity of Hyderabad in a European country, Switzerland, which has often been held up as a pattern of good government. In Switzerland, people of three nations, Germans, Italians and Frenchmen live side by side, preserving and developing their several cultures, all equally proud of their Swiss citizenship, and two different religions, Roman Catholic and Protestant, exist together without clash of interests. In order to make such unity for Hyderabad an accomplished fact within a little while, I want you to conceive it as your object and to keep it ever in your mind.

We have to develop and cultivate state-consciousness, state-patriotism, and in order to do that we must have objective vision, which means clear and true vision of our country's needs. We must resolutely shut our ears to the suggestions of outsiders who tempt us to view our problems inobjectively. We have to make Hyderabad a united country, and as we have always had an Indian Government in Hyderabad, we cannot, we need not adopt the prejudices formed in people who have lived for years under other conditions. Though I am growing old I have always tried to be sufficiently objective to keep my mind in sympathy with the mind and ideals of youth. I place very high hopes in the young men of Hyderabad. It is for this reason that, on the point of leaving Hyderabad to undertake a great and arduous service* for the State, I have tried to put aside all engagements, in order to come here and talk earnestly to the students of the Nizam College. I shall be absent for the next few months, but you will still be here in Hyderabad. I want you in my absence to be the missionaries of the high objective, the high ideal, the noble ideal I have tried to place before you this morning.

SIR AKBAR HYDARI

* Sir Akbar Hydari was then proceeding to England to join the deliberations of the Round Table Conference.

‘A Tribute from Grave to Grave’

THERE is a grave over which the North wind scatters rose-petals. It was here that a man with a becoming cast of countenance stood reverentially for a while, ages ago, and felt the trembling of a tear-drop upon his eyelashes. Who can now divine the thoughts that rambled through his perturbed mind? Who can now say what that solitary tear coming from the very depths of his heart really signified?

Umar Khayyam, the genial philosopher and poet of Persia, died in A.D. 1123, and was buried at Naishapur in the vicinity of a rose garden. When Nizami visited the place some years later, he found that the trees had stretched their boughs over the garden-wall, and with every breath of wind the silken tassel of a rose-purse was torn and its treasure thrown on Khayyam's grave. The rose tendrils that overhang the poet's resting place, and drop their sweet blossoms on it, have amply fulfilled his desire expressed to his pupil Nizami, 'My tomb shall be in a place where the North wind may scatter roses on it.'

We hear from Khayyam plaintive cries of melancholy pessimism. It is a pessimism that is transposed both to a major and a minor key. At one time it resounds with the despair of man alone in the unfathomed, inscrutable universe. At other times it plays on the darker themes of life's vicissitudes and of death. Umar has attained the sublime heights of what is perhaps his finest poetry when he reflects with his native wistfulness on the passing of things that are great and beautiful.

‘Yon turf, fringing the margins of the stream,
As down upon a cherub's lip might seem,
Or grown from dust of buried tulip cheeks,
Tread not that turf with scorn, or light esteem.’

Hear him again, and mark that every word he utters breathes the native wistfulness of his inner-most self, and exposes the philosophic bent of his mind to our gaze with full advantage.:

“ Where ruddy tulips grow and roses red,
 Know that a mighty monarch's blood was shed.
 And where the violet rears her purple tuft,
 Be sure some black-moled girl doth rest her head ”

An avowed pessimist though he is, Khayyam cannot always sit aside wrapped in the mantle of his characteristic gloom. Life has many charms and flesh many pleasures to offer. It is well to seize them and make the most of this business of living, ‘ ere life's liquor in the cup be dry ’

“ Come fill the cup, what boots it to repeat
 How time is flying underneath our feet
 Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday
 Why fret about them, if to-day be sweet. ”

Life is full of disappointments, it is nothing but an illusion. A rosy smile, a dimple at the lip-corner of the moon-faced ‘ Saqhi, ’ a kiss lovingly given and willingly received, can compensate for all the short-comings and insufficiencies of life a thousand times over. Love is twice blessed, for its sufferings are as rich as its delights. It is the only thing in this unsubstantial world which is real and persists. Woe betide him who says that love is the last resort is nothing but an illusion:

“ Though you survey, O, my enlightened friend
 The world of vanity from end to end
 You may discover there no other good,
 Than wine and rosy cheeks you may depend ”

If life's day is to be fully enjoyed and the encircling gloom forgotten, an intoxication that dissolves all self-restraints and relaxes reason is essential, says Umar. Only in that state

of forgetfulness that is caused by wine or love can the subconscious natural man find his true freedom and the spirit be uplifted above its sober restraints. With a sparkling glass of wine in hand, Khayyam awaits the fruition of desire. His poetic imagination, which is apt to run riot, creates a world of celestial beauty and peoples it with all the raptures and ecstasies of life.

‘ Since no one can assure thee of to-morrow
 Rejoice thy heart to-day and banish sorrow
 With moon-bright wine; fair moon! the moon in heaven
 Will look for us in vain on many a morrow.’

“ Hark! ” says Khayyam, “ death is pressing at our heels, it is best to drink and dream our life away. ” Sceptic as he is, conscious voluptuary as he hopes to be, he exalts with overflowing enthusiasm the fleeting pleasures of life. At times he is weary of doubts that find no anchorage, and glances with tearful eyes upon the destruction of past glories. Suddenly he enters the tavern-door and as soon as he tastes the delicious wine, kisses the bewitching lips of the moon-faced ‘ Soqhi,’ his sorrow departs and his heart is uplifted.

Khayyam has captivated the materialist West and the spiritualist East alike, and holds them spell-bound by the seductive beauty of thought and the awesome depth of his philosophy. Indeed it is a posthumous popularity, this popularity of Khayyam. In his own age and clime he was regarded askance because of his Epicurian audacity of thought. Indeed Khayyam is immensely indebted to Edward Fitzgerald, the shy and sensitive poet of East Anglia, who interpreted his mind, just at that period of world’s development when it would make its most potent appeal to humanity.

It seems Khayyam was alive to this, even in his grave, and grew restive under the pressure of his indebtedness to

Fitzgerald. He sent the silent tribute of a rose-tendril from his dreary abode, far away in Iran, to the resting place of Fitzgerald in Suffolk, where it blooms with a double fragrance.

The presence of the so-called rose of Iran at the head of Fitzgerald's grave, is due to William Simpson, another artist, who visited Naishapur in 1884 and plucked with reverential awe some seed-pods from the rose-bush, tendrils of which over-hung Khayyam's grave. These seeds, after passing through many hands and narrowly escaping destruction, reached their destination and found their befitting abode at the head of Fitzgerald's grave. A stray pilgrim can behold them now in the shape of a rose-bush, identifying most touchingly the names of Khayyam and Fitzgerald for ever more.

"Long with a double fragrance let it wave
The roses of Iran on an English grave"

S. MAJEED ULLAH.

Senior B. A.,



The value of Nonsense

" We have all a touch of THAT SAME- you understand me- a speck of the motely. "

CHARLES LAMB

To that speck do we owe today our immense interest in nonsense in our everyday life. From the most serious professor to the gayest student, every one of us likes nonsense and takes a humane interest in the ridiculous in life. All of us have that speck embodied in our spirit and we experience the fruit of it scarce perceiving its presence at the same time.

As you walk along the road, how many times do you not come across a man like Dr. Johnson, with his ponderous mass rolling about him as he trots about, thinking that he is measuring the distance between the sun and the earth with the interest of an astronomer, while you know definitely that he is simply blinking at the distant planet spreading its luminous rays all over the hemisphere ? But you do enjoy the sight because it is a trait, you understand me, common to all of us. It is on the same score that we enjoy the joke whenever we see a tall figure in our college jumping about and playing all sorts of tricks with us. In our own class-room, there are a number of friends in the back benches who will continue talking all nonsense and I am not far from being true when I say that these friends find a larger audience than the serious professor who is lecturing on Shakespeare and Milton. And what to speak of the attentive students writing down the dictated notes of the terrible bore of a history professor reading the fifteenth page of his ant-eaten notes to the students ! I have great sympathy for those students who evince such a great interest in the accumulated nonsense of the never stopping bore.

Somehow I wanted to tell the reader that from the highest to the lowest, from the man of business to a professional cinema-goer, all like and appreciate nonsense. Shakespeare and Charlie are alike in their immense love of nonsense. Even your great men of letters are therefore not exempt from this general feeling of sympathy and love for nonsense. The great Kalidasa of the East has taken considerable interest in depicting his *Vidushakas* in his plays. The absurd jokes and nonsensical outbursts of his fools have at least as profound a human interest as his more serious characters. The sweet swan of Avon also falls in and does not disguise the fact that he is greatly interested in nonsense. His Fool in "King Lear" for instance, has greatly endeared himself to most of us by his babblings, so pathetic and human. He is the only man whom the most royal Lear loves and one looks with wonder at the affectionate words that pass between the great King and the Fool in all the storm and tempest that overtake their ship-wrecked life. With his cap on his head and wisdom within, the fool has become an important figure in the play. Take away the figure from the play and then you will realise what a prosaic world our own will become were nonsense to be removed from this planet.

We can ask the philosophers also whether they do not take an interest in nonsense. Even without asking them, we ourselves can say they have been talking nonsense all the while when they come to tell us that the world is a *Maya* or a mirage or some such nonsense. It is this nonsensical trait in philosophy that appeals to man and he begins to take interest in that branch of knowledge.

We shall now expound a doctrine on nonsense. Without being taken seriously by religious zealots, I wish to say that God created nonsense and Devil created sense. Paradoxi-

cal as my doctrine may seem with a novelty about it, it is clearly borne out by the sacred books. God created a paradise for all of us with no wisdom in us. The Devil gave us the fruit of knowledge and made us all miserable. How much do we long for the day when there would be no sense at all in this world ! Then we will be having no such nuisance as this troublesome examination system with a detention list attendant upon it. Credit then will be given for nonsense you know. How many of you readers are prepared to compete with me under those circumstances ?

To return to my argument, nonsensicalness is a perfectly human trait of which none need fight shy. It is a quality that elicits human sympathy and affection. Cleverness and tact may be admired by some, but nonsense and folly are things that are loved by even such a saintly and serious being as Elia. Hazlitt, a stout critic of serious literature, is with me in avowing openly that nonsense is no small part of life and it is part of the relish which all men are ready to enjoy and recognize. Professor Saintsbury, that prince of modern criticism, has ably explained the deep interest that Shakespeare has shown in his treatment of the comic characters in his plays. These are his words : "It is because Shakespeare dares, and dares frequently, simply DESIPERE, simply to be foolish, that he is so pre-eminently wise." The others try to be always wise, and alas ! I refuse to complete the antithesis.

Many of us know that lovable essayist Elia with his sugary humour and absurd nonsensicalities. We can single him out if we chance to meet him in the Elysian fields. What blend of literary qualities, what conception of artistic finery did he possess that he was able to write in a way that has endeared

him to many of us? I hope I am not uttering a paradox when I say that it is because he openly avows, "I love a fool." The man had led a rigorously pure life, had that largeness of heart and breadth of vision to understand that folly in humanity is not a thing to be laughed at mercilessly, but to be recognized and sympathised with. How well he has "fooled the reader to the top of his bent" in his essays I leave it to the reader to judge. His very nonsense has preserved for him a safe position in the realm of prose literature.

In our own class room, suppose two or three of those gentlemen who go by the name of class-zanies are absent. What a miserable world will our class room then be! No jokes to be cut, no silly questions to be asked, all serious lecturings from the chair uninterrupted and hence uninteresting—it is too sad a picture to be imagined.

I will come much nearer now. The interest that men have in nonsense is well borne out by the frowning editor of our "Collegian" itself who has at last allowed this piece to come before the reader. But what should I say of the kind reader who has patiently read through my musings?

And now reader, will you tell me whether I have been talking sense or nonsense?

"TOUCHSTONE."



cal as my doctrine may seem with a novelty about it, it is clearly borne out by the sacred books. God created a paradise for all of us with no wisdom in us. The Devil gave us the fruit of knowledge and made us all miserable. How much do we long for the day when there would be no sense at all in this world ! Then we will be having no such nuisance as this troublesome examination system with a detention list attendant upon it. Credit then will be given for nonsense you know. How many of you readers are prepared to compete with me under those circumstances ?

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"TOUCHSTONE."



Thoughts of my Schooldays.

I have vivid memories of my high school days, now fading into the past. Many times I seem to slip gently back to the days of Form I again.

One fine morning in the IV Standard, Mr. S. brought a cocoanut to the class. We had a lesson on "The Cocoanut" and it was passed round the class. We felt the coir, and Mr. S. explained to us all the uses of the cocoanut, and gave a learned lecture on its economic importance. But we eagerly asked to know what was inside the shell, and obviously the teacher wanted to take it home again. 'To break or not to break the shell, that was the question!' While turning this over in his mind, the cocoanut was unconsciously dropped from his hands, and broken. Thus we all saw, and shared the contents, and our innocent curiosity was gratified. Mr. S. was inseparably connected with the cocoanut, and thence forward called the "Cocoanut Teacher." Such impressions will accompany us to our graves.

Mr. L—was very lazy. He consumed huge quantities of snuff, and being almost always half asleep, afforded excellent opportunities for students to consult each other in the examination hall. We always desired to have him as the superintendent of examinations. One of my friends said that there are three kinds of teachers, natural magnates, induced magnates, and non-magnates. Mr. P.—, who was always lecturing us on good manners, undoubtedly belonged to the first class. His liberality in awarding marks made him popular with all, and if Mr. L—was the superintendent of the examination and Mr. P—valued our papers, the success of all was assured.

Dear old Mr. Q—taught us Geography, and was a strict disciplinarian. He dictated notes with the speed of the Punjab Mail. We wrote quickly, but when we opened our books before the examination, we could not read what we had written. He questioned us but rarely in class, so we were doomed on the “day of questions.” Once he asked a boy where the river Nile was. The student admitted an honest doubt as to whether it lay in northern or southern India. Mr. Q—was furious, and the storm burst. Question then followed question, till the victim broke down. But Mr. Q—was always vulnerable to students’ tear, and many made use of this receipt on many an occasion. When some of my friends had to face the Principal for an “extraordinary offence,” they applied some pepper to their eyes before the ordeal, and the result was a perennial stream flowing down their cheeks. Invariably they were sent away with an objurgation and a paternal slap on the shoulder.

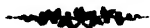
Elementary mathematics was the stumbling block to many. This subject proved indeed the “*pons asinorum*.” Mr. F—had a peculiar manner of encouraging us. He said that the fathers of beautiful maidens used to approach teachers of mathematics to recommend the brightest students as prospective husbands. So we tried our best to please him. Mr. F—was also very very kind to students of history; all the questions worked out in class were invariably repeated in the examinations. So many industrious blockheads came out with flying colours.

Our science master, Mr D—, was a professed enemy to all the Brahman students. Alas, he breathed his last a few hours after teaching us one day! So some of his victims were glad, though they all showed formal signs of sorrow. May his sacred soul rest in eternal bliss!

In our annual prize distribution, some eminent man used to present the prizes and make a speech. Often we did not know what he had to say, but, when he was finished, we used to clap hard and shout "Holiday!" and it usually had the desired result. My first prize in Form V was the "Boys' Budget," and in Form VI, the "Bairns' Budget." But my brother in lowly Form III was given volumes of Milton, Johnson, and Burke!

There is a change of atmosphere, now that I am in College; there is ease and freedom. I have passed far away from the advocates of the rod. The staff in College look on us as free students under a benevolent democracy; we have liberty without license. But now and then some venerable professor will bring us back to earth with, "Now boys, do not make so much noise!"

M. R. MOHAN,



Nature.

THE banished Duke in "As you like it" gives expression to a fine sentiment before his friends in exile :

" And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing "

That we look upon nature as full of blessings is true. Space, water, air and light are the common property of all. Every human being, whether rich or poor, is at perfect liberty to enjoy the blessings which nature freely affords.

But nature as understood in a higher sense is quite different. Every one of us has the faculty of appreciation and a love for the sublime. Poets especially, have sung in their raptures of the majesty of creation. There are many typical examples to show this. No student of literature will decline to recognise what a pleasure it is when we read lines depicting the beauty of sunrise and sunset, the loftiness of hills and peaks towering against the sky, deep valleys, flowing rivers, blowing breezes, blossoming flowers, the sweet singing of birds, the moonlight night and the starry sky.

But to be able to hear the voices of trees and stones — fully to understand nature—one must cultivate and develop those faculties which are susceptible to the thousand and one beautiful sights and sounds that nature in her glory affords. All things which exist preach to us and nature can inform us that a thoughtful man can elevate his mind and soul with quietness and beauty. So it has been signified that there is a spiritual background to the lines uttered by poets, though several of them appear to have been devoted to the mere beauty of nature, and the joys of life pertaining to nature, for

the teachings of nature are the teachings of the mind and the soul. Coleridge hears Nature proclaiming the Might and Majesty of God ; Tennyson associates it with the sorrows and sufferings of humanity ; Wordsworth considers it chiefly in its spiritual relations with man.

It is quite evident that an intimate relationship exists between man and nature, that each exists for the other in and through the Creator. To interpret one to the other is to find all that is highest and best both in man and the Universe, and the highest and best has always been essentially moral. Hence morality of the highest order is quite essential for the preservation of life in all its sublime aspects, and it is also essential that individuals, as well as nations, who try to practise democracy and social transformations of all kinds, should try to live up to that standard having in mind the following :—

“ Each man is a son of the soil—he has a right
to the fruits thereof.

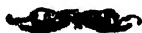
Each man is heir to his labour—deprive him not of
his right to enjoy the gains thereof,
O Lords of Gold :

Each man is master of his time—let not the rich
man's wish be the poor man's tyrant.

Each man has a right to learn the plans of Nature.

Each woman has the same right as each man.”

V. P. SARANGAPANY
Junior Intermediate.



The blind beggar in the Bazaar.

Prone on his filthy mat, his naked limbs
 A-prawl ; the wrinkled skin scarce fit to hide
 The stiffened sinews and the lean lank frame
 That lives, but living, images grim death.
 Death in a panoply of sordid rags ;
 The death reborn with each day's burning sun
 To fight and wail afresh for food of life,
 Postponing Death's sweet rest within the grave.
 The Pilgrim ants' long column of the dust
 Turns not aside for him, but still pursues
 Its winding line athwart his shrunken frame.
 Deeming him but as one with the sad earth.
 The stark grief of the sad unseeing face,
 The dead white eye-balls, staring, horrible,
 That never joyed to see the naked earth
 Drape on the cool green robes of festival
 When the sweet rain fell in its season due,
 Making his happier brothers speak of God
 But only bringing fever to his limbs,
 Ashake in the foul slime, where still he lies,
 Abject and low.

Can God then hate ? Will He
 Who sends the cool wind rustling in the morn.
 Fresh from the portals of the tinted East,
 And lights the starry fires of Night above
 The Earth, telling that He not sleeps,—
 Will He hang forth in shape so palpable
 Unbounded hope, Re-birth's prophetic forms
 And then perplex the thinking heart with This ?

This chill dark shadow across the illumined page,
 As when a thick cloud overcomes the sun,
 And children leave their play and cease to laugh,
 Joy grown forlorn.

In him, myself I see.

His horrid form doth in itself contain
 Immortal life, or he and I go down
 To dreadful nothing. 'Twere as on one spray
 Two rosebuds; one the prying canker-worm
 Striking, soon shrivelled into foul decay,
 What time the smaller bud to blossom grown
 Spread its sweet petals to the whispering morn
 And offered dewy fragrance to the moon;
 But never wist ^{that} the first the canker worm
 Had lighted on his fair and slender stem
 E'er choosing his sad brother's sweeter form.
 So lie I on his mat; so stands he here
 In noble presence and in loftier guise
 Than that I owe, but that the Gardener steep.
 And never saw the cruel canker worm.
 So musing, while the dying season sped,
 I walked again by that sweet garden side,
 And, on the spray, two roses dead and brown,
 Faded, forlorn, and indistinguishable.
 And presently, an empty space; no more
 But when again the rolling year, reborn,
 Sent the soft summons to all sleeping things,
 Thrilling the flower souls in the pent-house earth,
 I looked and on the spray, there I beheld
 Two roses, odoriferous, wonderful,
 In strange new beauty, and the loveliest rose
 Was he before slain by the canker-worm.

The Shadow of Death.

IT was at the Theatre Imperial that Hastings first met Julia. She had only recently entered stage life, but industry had already brought her to the top of the tree. A storm of applause always greeted her as she stepped on the stage in her red and blue kimona, which displayed her splendid form to the fullest advantage.

Hastings had fallen head over ears in love with her, and came to the theatre regularly to see the object of his love. Julia lived with her old father, Mr. Charles, at the Hotel Magnificent. Old Charles was proud of his pretty daughter, and hoped that she would marry a wealthy man. But Julia and the penniless Hastings met frequently. One gay morning they were alone together in the Hotel gardens. Hastings leaned forward, and took her slender hand in his.

"Julia, I love you," he said simply. "Will you marry me?"

She burst into tears. "Indeed I know that what you say is true, Hastings. But my father will never approve, and he has already a rich man in view as my husband."

Hastings pleaded for long, but at last in despair he got up and slowly walked out of the garden. He felt as if his heart had perished within him.

That evening, a middle aged man with brown complexion and hard features came to the Hotel, and engaged the room next to that in which Mr. Charles lived. He entered his name in the hotel book as Roberts. No one would have guessed that he watched every move of his next-door neighbours.

Next morning, Julia had gone out walking, and Hastings called on her father. Fervently he poured out his story to the old man.

"How interesting!" said Charles. "But I don't fancy my child being married to a poor man like you. I want her to marry—"

"But she doesn't love him," Hastings interrupted.

"That is not your business," retorted the old man, "and I will never allow her to marry a pauper like you."

Hastings felt something snap in his brain. Unconsciously his hands grasped a knife lying on the desk before him.

"Put down that knife," snarled the old man.

The two presented a striking contrast at that moment; Hastings young, tall, and vigorous, and Charles with his gray hair, cold as ice. The younger man dropped the knife, and his mood passed.

In the evening, Julia returned home. She screamed and rushed towards the still figure she saw lying on the floor there. Charles lay in a pool of blood, the handle of a knife protruding from his heart. Her screams summoned the servants, and soon a severe Police Inspector was making entries in his note-book.

"Has anyone been seen to enter this room today?" he asked the assembled servants. Two of the girls at once gave the information that a young man had been in the room with Charles.

"Does anyone know his name?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes, he was called Hastings, and often used to visit Miss Julia here."

Julia started when she heard the name. The inspector now knocked at the door of the adjacent room. A hard-featured man appeared, and to him the Inspector put the question :

"Have you been in your room throughout the day?"

"Yes," was the answer. "What about it?"

"Did you hear any sound at all?"

"Yes," admitted the hard-faced man. "I heard high voices raised as if quarreling, and I heard some mention of a knife. I came to my door to see what it was all about, and saw a young man leaving quietly, so I supposed that it was all right."

"Would you recognise him again?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes," said the hard-faced man; "I think I would."

"H'm!" mused the practical police officer. "I think we had better have a talk with this young man Hastings."

Two constables were soon despatched to bring him to the scene of the tragedy, while a finger-print expert from Scotland Yard made a minute examination of the room.

Hastings was horrified when he arrived and found what had happened. "Yes, I was here this morning," he admitted. "Indeed I did have a quarrel with the old man, but he was all right when I left him."

The Inspector's face grew grave at this admission. He saw the facts all pointing in one direction.

"You don't think I had anything to do with it," he asked in startled surprise. "Julia, my dear, you don't think I did it?"

"No! you didn't!" she said, and the tears commenced to roll down her cheeks.

But she seemed to be the only one who believed in his innocence, and Hastings was taken away in custody. At the police station, the first report of the finger-print expert was brought. This proved conclusively that the prints on the handle of the knife were those of Hastings. The case against him seemed to be complete. The day of the trial drew near, and nothing turned up to shake the opinion of the authorities that he was guilty.

Julia was overcome with grief when the verdict of "Guilty," was pronounced. The death of her father and the arrest of her lover had left her in a state of collapse. She hoped against hope as the days passed, but the fatal day of the execution drew nearer.

Meanwhile a limp figure lay on a bed in the casualty ward of Christ Hospital, heavily bandaged. Few would have recognised the hard-featured tenant of the room next to Charles. The man was dying. On the day following the trial which condemned Hastings to death, he had hired a taxi. But the driver was reckless, and dashed into a large bus. The driver was killed, and his passenger of the hard features received severe injuries. He was brought to the Hospital. While he lay there unconscious, an examination of his papers showed that his real name was Orpen.

For two weeks he had lain motionless, with his distorted gaze fixed on the ceiling. He was as pale as the sheet on which he lay. But he heard the muttered words of the doctor to the nurse, "There is no hope whatever, I am afraid."

A convulsive effort passed through his frame, and he spoke the first words since his admission ;

"For Heaven's sake, fetch a priest !"

They brought the holy man, who knelt to hear the words, now hardly audible.

"Father, I have something to confess; My time has come," he whispered. "Charles who was murdered last month—he had wronged me—yes, deeply wronged me. For years I have been waiting to avenge myself on him, and it was only recently that I traced him to the Hotel Magnificent. I engaged the room next to his, and awaited my chance."

He stopped for a moment exhausted, and the priest held a glass of water to his parched lips.

"On Thursday morning a young man came to Charles' room. I heard a quarrel, and it seemed that he even threatened Charles with a knife. But the noise ended, and soon the young man walked away and I heard Charles moving about. I saw my chance, for some of the servants had also passed by and heard the words between the two. I had waited for the moment for years, and now I quietly entered his room. He was sitting with his back to me. Covering my hand with a glove so as to leave no finger-marks, I leant over him. He had barely time for one look of startled recognition, just time to gasp out 'You, Richard!' before I buried the knife in his heart."

A shudder passed through the dying man, and the priest thought he had passed away. But he revived by a superhuman effort of will.

"Father, I killed him, and an innocent man is to die to-morrow for my sin. You must—"

But a convulsive groan broke from his lips, and he fell back lifeless on the bed. The priest prayed fervently for the peace of the passing soul. Then he sped on his mission of justice.

Little remained to be done. Investigations bore out the truth of the dead man's confession, for Charles and he had been partners together in the gold-fields of Alaska, where the mortal quarrel between them arose. Hastings was released almost immediately, and the first person to welcome him back to freedom was the fair Julia. Though they have been happily married for some years now, they never forget the period spent in the valley of the shadow.

KIRMANI.
Junior B. A.

Mir Alum Tank.

HISTORY of byegone events shows such mendacity and error on the part of historians that it is no wonder that a cynic has summed up the position with the remark "History is a record of lies." Without discussing the propriety of his remark in general, one is struck by the remarkable application of this observation to the history which has passed current in connection with the origin of the Mir Alum tank.

As one drives for five miles out of Hyderabad city, one sees this large and finely constructed tank. This year, in particular, after the good rains, the tank presents a picturesque appearance, the fine sheet of water looking well nigh like an ocean. The peculiarity of its construction lies in the geometrical accuracy of its bund, which is made up of a series of semi-circular arches that counteract the tremendous normal force during high-water pressure. The bund has withstood many rains, and weathered many overflowings of the tank. This has been the source of much instruction and interest to students of engineering, who have been struck by the remarkable skill of the men of the last century.

This tank was constructed by Mir Alum under the immediate supervision of a Scottish expert, Henry Russel, in 1802 A. D. Any one desirous of ascertaining the veracity of this statement can inspect a stone inscription bearing the name of the bund and that of the engineer in charge of its construction, with the dates on which the work was started and completed. This stone was formerly fixed at a height near the

Kotwalguda dam after the completion of the work, and was there till the completion of Himayat Sagar. When the water was held in at Himayat Sagar, it was removed by Nawab Salar Jung Bahadur, so that it might not be submerged, and was laid in the court of his bungalow in Mir Alum garden.

But a history has grown up to the effect that the tank was constructed under the supervision of French officers, said to have been serving in the Military. This is the view taken by no less a historian than C. Wilmot. With great respect to the imaginative genius and originality of thought of this historian, we must point out that his statement is not borne out by facts. The tank was built in 1802 A. D. by Mir Alum, immediately after his victory at Seringapatam. But all the French officers and soldiers had been dismissed and extradited from the Dominions of His Exalted Highness by the year 1790 A. D. in conformity with the Treaty signed before the Fourth Mysore War. So this could not have been the work of French officers, since they had left the service twelve years previously.

The stone inscription, unearthed recently, gives positive evidence that it was H. B. Russell, an engineer of the East India Company in Madras, who was responsible for the construction of this fine tank. This inscription should dispel all doubts as to the real architect of Mir Alum Tank.

Leaving the historian to his business, we must admire the fine work of this Scotsman who built a tank for the benefit of the posterity of our State. The novel and original plan hit upon by the engineer, who dammed the Isi with a semi-circular bund consisting of twenty one minor semi-circular arches, is one that should provoke great interest in all interested in irrigation and engineering works. The construction of the tank cost three lacs of rupees, and the confident

engineer even undertook to repay this to Mir Alum, should the bund give way within two years. Years have passed, fifty times the guaranteed period, and the bund is as strong to-day as it was a century ago.

The construction of the tank solved the problem of a huge water scarcity in the city. Thanks to the philanthropic spirit of Mir Alum, the common people heaved a sigh of relief at the fresh water-supply the tank afforded, saying "Mir Alum died, but he gave us water." Till recently, before the construction of Osman Sagar, Mir Alum tank was the main source of the water supply of the entire population of the fourth city in India. May the historian of the future give honour where honour is due.

"VERITAS."

Musa Rahim.

ABOUT two miles to the northwest of the ancient city of Hyderabad, surrounded on all sides by the ridged and serrated horizon of the rolling Deccan, there stands a plain granite pillar on a small hill bearing the simple letters J. R. In another place will be found a small panel ornamented by the crest of the Nizams of Hyderabad, surmounted by a cross. This pillar has kept everlasting watch over the grave of a gallant chevalier of France, whose name will be uttered with love and reverence in the Deccan long after the iron granite of his tomb has crumbled into dust.

Michael Joachim Marie Raymond came to India on a commercial venture in 1775. He then was about twenty years of age, possessed of a handsome personality and a spirit which craved for romance and action. He seems to have sold his goods at a profit but could not resist the charm which the India of that day held for a gentleman-adventurer who could command his own armed following. He soon recruited and trained in the French fashion, a body of three hundred sepoys, and armed them with hired muskets from the French merchants of Pondicherry. But before any thing could be done in the service of his own country, he was forced to leave Pondicherry, as that city fell into the hands of the army of the British East India Company.

He then joined the service of the famous Hyder Ali of Mysore, under whom he held command without finding any great opportunity for political and military achievements. On the death of Hyder in 1783, he was forced to look out for a

wealthy employer. He had not long to wait, for immediately he was taken into the service of His Highness Nawab Nizam Ali Khan the second Nizam of Hyderabad and settled down in that state with his small but efficient force.

His handsome personality and charming manners soon won the favour of the Nizam, who rewarded him munificently for the services of his legionaries. Increase of power and wealth alike were employed by Raymond for the expansion and improvement of his corps. He soon became the commander of an efficient force of fourteen thousand men, divided into ten regiments, all dressed and trained in the French manner and bearing as their regimental standards the colours of the French Republic.

In 1795 the Nizam quarrelled with the Peshwa, the ruler of the once powerful state now represented by the Bombay Deccan, and invaded his territories. The Nizam's army consisted of 70,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry. There were also two battalions of Amazons, each a thousand strong and picked from the classes of Dhars and Chammars; this unusual force was also officered by women and trained to perfection in all the details of French military exercises; they were usually employed as a permanent guard in the Zenana Palace and existed even to the time of His Highness Nawab Nasir-ud Doula, after whose death they were disbanded. ●

Raymond led the Hyderabad Army and met the forces of the Peshwa at Kurdla, not far from Poona. At first the fortunes of war were in favour of the Nizam's army, but the Mahrattas soon rallied and brought into action their new rocket-batteries producing much noise and impressive pyrotechny. This frightened the horses of the Hyderabad Cavalry, completely dispersing it. So the Nizam, who was accustomed to rely mainly on his cavalry, retired and ultimately made peace with the Peshwa.

This unsuccessful campaign partly estranged the relations between the Nizam and British East India Company, for His Highness felt grieved at the fact that he had not been helped by the Company's troops, who were then serving in his Dominions, as laid down by the Treaty between them; so he asked for the withdrawal of these troops, which was immediately done.

Thus Raymond was left practically unopposed as the sole adviser of the Nizam in military matters. A large number of French Officers soon flocked to Hyderabad and were taken into the service. French influence seemed to be in the ascendant.

Another incident soon occurred which further enhanced Raymond's influence. The heir-apparent, Mirza Ali Jah, became impatient of waiting for control of affairs and placed himself at the head of a rebel army consisting of some disaffected nobles and a large number of soldiers who were discontented at having been disbanded. The insurgents seized the strong fortifications of Bidar and prepared for further hostilities. In spite of the hot and unpleasant time of the year, Raymond at once marched with his efficient army and utterly routed the insurgents. On his return to Hyderabad, he was received with every mark of favour that was usually bestowed on successful generals. The Nizam even contemplated bestowing on him extensive jagirs. His influence and power had now reached their zenith, but an incident soon occurred which was the beginning of their decline. A regiment of his corps was stationed on the frontier not far from the Madras Sepoys of the British East India Company. Two Indian officers of the company's troops deserted and joined the forces of Raymond. The British Resident at Hyderabad, Captain A. W. Kirkpatrick, thought it high time to remonstrate on the growing influence of the French. The contemplated Jagirs were not

awarded but still his influence continued until 1797 when Captain J. A. Kirkpatrick succeeded his brother as the Resident at Hyderabad.

This remarkable man, possessed with a brain and personality which were equal if not superior to those of Raymond, soon won the heart of not only the Prime Minister, Azim-ul-Umrah Arustu Jah, but the Nizam himself who signed a new treaty with the British East India Company by virtue of which His Highness agreed to dismiss all the French officers in his service. But before this treaty could be put into execution Raymond died with dramatic suddenness at the early age of forty eight. This was a fatal blow to French aspirations in the Deccan.

He was succeeded by a man named Peron who was entirely lacking in magnetic personality and was no match for Captain J. A. Kirkpatrick who continued to increase in His Highness's favour and who was called "Faizand Mohabat Paivand" or affectionate son, by the Nizam who later conferred on him the title of "Hasmath Jung." The French influence rapidly declined but Captain J. A. Kirkpatrick thought there was an element of danger as long as Raymond's troops remained intact and decided that it was expedient to surround and disarm them. So on the morning of the 20th October 1798 the French camp was surrounded by a cordon of British Indian troops under Col. Roberts. Recognising the inevitable, the French Officers tendered their submission and were later followed by the Indian Officers; the rank and file then laid down their arms and departed with their personal belongings.

To this day the anniversary of Raymond's death is celebrated by thousands of the irregular forces of Hyderabad. They come from all parts of the Dominions to pay their respect to the last resting place of the great "Musa Rahim". The tomb

is decorated with myriads of fairy lanterns while the guns of the fort boom out the salute and are answered by those of the city Battery. To this day the soldiers of the "Jamaiyat-Nizam-Mahboob" wear the baggy "Plusfour" trousers and the high spats of French Zouave pattern and preserve a visible link with this gallant chevalier of the Deccan.

It was said of this great son of France by Col. Malleon: "No European of mark who preceded him, no European of mark who followed him in India, ever succeeded in gaining, to such an extent, the love, esteem and admiration of the natives of the country."

ASGAR ASHRUFF,
Joint Secretary,
"Collegian."



The True Aim Of Education.

ALL that gives free scope for the exercise of the marvellous powers of the human mind has a legitimate claim to our devotion. For many centuries we have been gaining knowledge of the wonderful work of nature, and have been patiently accumulating details about natural phenomena and classifying them; and to good purpose, for it has enabled us to get an insight into the ways of God's own Government, 'to justify the ways of God to man.' I would not therefore, check man's activity in this direction; I would not curb his desire for knowledge; I would not have his soul vegetate in apathetic sloth, irresponsive to the call of Truth and Beauty.

'What is a man
'If his chief good and market of his time
'Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!
'Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
'Looking before and after, gave us not
'That capability and God-like reason
'To fust in us unused.'

No! I would have him pursue Science and Art and all that conduces to the development of his faculties and raises him to the proud eminence of being the noblest work of God.

You will perhaps object that, if man were asked to pursue these things for their own sake and not for the sake of making them subservient to his use and comfort, the incentive to action would be taken away. My answer is that if he is fitted by his education to be perpetually conscious of the higher and purer motive, there would be no danger of stagnation. Again, you may object that the man who rises to such a philosophic height as to scorn the petty needs of the body and to remain wrapt in lofty meditation, heedless of what is going on around him, would not only be a comparatively useless

member of society, but would also run the risk of developing a certain amount of spiritual pride. I shall meet this objection by saying that I do not propose that he should keep himself away from society and occupy a lofty height in solitary grandeur. All that I propose is that he should aim at weaning himself from the more sordid and selfish scenes of life, by reducing his own selfishness to the narrowest possible limits, that he should deliberately reject everything of a selfish nature that may have a tendency to bring his interests into conflict with those of others and oblige him to adopt unworthy means in order to succeed. As for spiritual pride, it is a thousand times better to have that than spiritual meanness. The former may save him from vice, whereas the latter is the foster-mother of Vice! I think I have said enough to convince you that our present dissatisfaction is chiefly due to the false ideals which we have set up; that Education, being hitherto more or less misdirected, has confirmed our faith in the efficacy of those false ideals; that nevertheless it is possible for Education to correct the error and to substitute true ideals for false ones and to furnish us with the proper means of attaining them. The only question that now remains is, whether by doing all this, Education could possibly bring about Universal Happiness. I do not consider this impossible, because I do not despair of the gradual perfectibility of man. Let each man constantly aim at becoming perfect; let Education so thoroughly refine his inner nature as to remove all vicious impulses; let him feel that he can gain nothing by being vicious; let him know that the things he has hitherto thought worth acquiring are not so—then, I am sure that in course of time he will be much better and nobler than he is now, and, finding a purer and higher kind of pleasure in the process of self-perfection, he will be induced to go right on till he reaches the goal. When thus in due course each man becomes good, it will follow that aggregates of men will also be good—that the whole world will be good. When I see a tamer of wild animals make a

lion as docile as a dog and succeed in curbing his natural propensities to such an extent as to make him the playmate of a lamb, I cannot doubt the possibility of taming the wild and ignoble passions that reside in the human breast. Education even now professes to be doing this. Why should it then shrink from the task? Why should it, while professing to reform human nature, stop mid-way or minister only to its baser needs? Let it rectify the errors it has made, let it have its gaze constantly fixed upon the highest and best ideals. Whatever it may do, let it not forget that man is essentially a *moral being* and through moral perfection alone can be happy. Experience shows that it is not through wealth or grandeur or power, nor through the accessories which these can purchase or command, that happiness is attained. It is equally manifest that it is not by living in one country rather than in another, under one form of Government rather than under another, that man can be happy. This is the great lesson that History teaches us, and it leads to another and equally important lesson, that whatever creates or destroys happiness is ever within the heart of man. Be it therefore the chief function of Education to foster those principles and conditions within him which create happiness and to eradicate those which tend to destroy it. Let it start man, thus strengthened and purified, upon the arduous journey of life with this exhortation—

‘ Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient Passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, Sovereign o’er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature’s signal of retreat.
 These goods for man the laws of God ordain ;
 These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain ;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the Happiness she does not find.’

NIZAMAT JUNG.

Mother India.

O my mighty Mother of ancient Ind !
 All famous as Bharatavarsh and Hind,
 From Cape Comorin to Himalayan Wall,
 From blazing Sind to ever green Bengal,
 I will now sing to all thy deathless praise
 In one of these mine lays.

And throughout all the centuries that be
 Thou'rt bent on serving all Humanity.
 Throughout these glorious hundreds of years,
 With life seen through a blinding mist of tears,
 Thou hast not moved from the path of truth,
 Filling the hearts of men with love and ruth.

To thee, Mother, belongs the Buddha's law
 Whom whole Humanity regards with awe :
 He flung open Nirvana's gates above
 And showed the world the Royal way to Love :
 His deeds Asoka spread with unique zeal
 And half the world do now before him kneel.

K. ANANTARAMAN.

Tasaw-wuf and Religion.

THE philosophy of a few fakirs called Vedantis or Sufis is really admirable, while the conduct of a very large number of so-called Yogis or Arifs has degraded the meaning of the word Fakir itself. The word means "a man who has realized himself". He may be either the richest prince or the meanest peasant in his country. It is not fair to class him among beggars. In India he is generally called "Vedanti" if he is a Hindu or "Sufi" if he is a Muslim.

Neither the Vedanti nor the Sufi has anything to say to Dharma or Shariat which deals with "the Laws of Human Conduct." On the contrary each follows his own Dharma or Shariat sedulously but at the same time concerns himself with "Tasaw-wuf," "the Spring or Springs of all Conduct." A brief account of a Sufi's or Vedanti's outlook on the religions of the world may be interesting to the readers of this magazine.

The Vedanti and the Sufi do not differ in anything, except perhaps in the form of worship they adopt in their constant Quest after the Absolute. The attitude of both (called Tasaw-Wuf) towards Nature and God is just the same. It leads both to conceive the Eternal Truth or perceive the Absolute Beauty of Nature. The one practises Sandhya and the other indulges in Zikr to reach his goal. Both are exceedingly tolerant of all religions in the world. Their tolerance of all faiths is at once their virtue in the eyes of their friends and their vice in the eyes of their enemies. It will be interesting to note the relation of their Quest of Truth or Quest of Beauty to a few religions of the world by summarizing in a sentence the teaching of each as viewed by the Vedanti or Sufi.

His tolerant spirit starts with three postulates which I set down briefly in three propositions thus:—

Firstly : All religions are so many ways or paths (Mazahib) leading to the same Infinite and Absolute, call it Truth, Beauty or what you like. The Bhagavad Gita says:—
“ All ways are Mine, come to Me by whatever way you like.”

I wonder what the India of to-day would have been had Prince Dara Shikoh become Emperor and ruled instead of his younger brother Aurangazebe for nearly half a century. Dara Shikoh was the greatest Sufi of his time. He wrote as the first couplet of his '*Mathnavi*' in which he proves that there is no difference between true Hinduism and true Islam !

In the name of Him who hath no name at all
And yet respondeth to thy spirit's call,
Whatever name thou usest in thy need.

Secondly : Whenever and wherever men stray from the Path of Righteousness, a great thinker, an Avatar, Prophet or Reformer, arises to bring them back to the right path. Great and good men, call them what you like, have ever tried to leave the world better and happier than they found it.

Thirdly : The teaching of each Avatar, Prophet or Reformer emphasized a particular attribute of the Absolute, which needed attention by the people of his time and country who had gone wrong, and who had to be directed how to realize that attribute in their own conduct in order to live in righteousness.

Bearing in mind the three propositions I have enunciated, we may consider a short statement which according to Sufis is a sententious summary of the teachings of seven Great Thinkers of the World. Please understand that when it is said that God is Peace or God is Wisdom and so forth, it does not mean that God is nothing else. No, not at all. It

means only that one of the innumerable attributes of God is mentioned just to draw particular attention to it in order that its contemplation by the people might influence their conduct.

*Summary of the Teachings of certain Great Sages. **

1. An Avatar of India, RAMCHANDRA—“Ramayana”:
God is King of Kings, obey your King. (Punishments and rewards.)
2. The Leader of Israel, MOSES—“ Pentateuch ”:
God is Law Giver, observe His Commandments.
(The Ten Commandments.)
3. The Prophet of Iran, ZOROASTER—“ Zend Avesta ”:
God is Peace, live in it. (Good thoughts, good words, good deeds).
4. Another Avatar of India, KRISHNA—“ Bhagavad Gita ”:
God is Dut', discharge it and mind not consequences. (Action is thy duty, fruit is not thy concern.)
5. The Light of Asia, GAUTAMA BUDDHA—“ Damma Pada ”:
God is Law, know and fulfil it. (Eight-fold Path to Salvation).
6. The Messiah of Nazareth, JESUS—“ Four Gospels ”:
—God is Love, love and be loved. (Love thy enemies).
7. The Prophet of Arabia, MUHAMMAD—“ the Quran ’ ”:
God is Light, live in His Light. (The Light of Heaven and Earth.)

It is impossible to summarize in a short sentence the teachings of Great Thinkers, called Avatars by the Vedantis and Prophets by the Sufis. But assuming, as they do, that all religions in the world are perforce based on Faith and

* The sequence is not *exactly* in chronological order.

Service, it is possible to indicate very generally salient features of the *faith* and *service* of each religion without doing any violence to its sacred character. The Sufis venture on such characterization for the sake of comparison only. They would accept any better characterization for the same purpose, because they believe that all religions are revelations of one and the same Spirit.

The brief summary however shows roughly that, for example, Zoroaster was disgusted with the wars and internecine struggles of his time and country and that he was thereby led to emphasize Peace as the chief attribute of God, and that he therefore drew the attention of his people to it in order to bring them to the Path of Righteousness from which they had gone astray. Similarly dissatisfied with the suffering and abject conditions created by castes and creeds in the India of his time, Gautama Buddha laid stress on Law, which is no respecter of persons, as the principal attribute of God; and preached that men should fulfil the Law in their conduct. Again, Krishna saying "Duty is thy deity", called upon his great disciple Arjuna to do his duty without regard to consequences. The Bhagavad Gita is the clarion call to men not to discard the Path of Righteousness in their desire to attain the best fruits of their action. Lastly, the teachings of Jesus and Muhammed—soul-healer and soul-mover—might be interpreted in the same way as a stressing of that attribute of God to which the attention had to be drawn of the people of their respective times to the Path of Righteousness, from which they had gone astray in the darkness of ignorance and sin that pervaded their countries. It may be observed in passing that the attribute of God stressed by each Teacher became more and more abstract as the world grew older and older.

I will now put in the same mould, as I have put the teaching of Great Sages, the teaching of the Idealism of modern Europe as a counterfoil to the teaching of the Sufis of

both Schools. I take Henri Bergson as the best representative of the non-materialistic Philosophy of the West.

8. The Philosopher of Change, BERGSON— "Creative Evolution" : *God is Change, adapt yourself to it.* (Your whole past is telescoped in your present which involves change).

9. The Adwaita Sufis including Visishtadwaitis :
God is Truth, be true to thyself. (*Vide Shakespeare's* celebrated lines *).

10. The Dwaita Sufis, including some who profess to reconcile the two schools into one : *God is Beauty adore Him* (Adoration of God's beauty in Nature)

I will now leave you to judge for yourself whether or not the claim of the Vedantis and Sufis is justified, viz., the formula arrived at in their ecstatic Tasaw-Wuf comprehends all the sacred teaching in the world and cannot possibly be inconsistent with any religion.

I have already indicated that Tasaw-Wuf is a generic word for both Vedantism and Sufi-ism. It means an attitude of mind which brings bliss to the individual and beatitude to mankind.

AHMED HUSSAIN,
(*Amin Jung*)



* To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. iii.

Fantasy.

THEY are such green looking creatures, dancing away there on the topmost bough, and it must be a great discussion they are having now. The big fellow with his dark green back and silvery chest lifts his dark head and long beak over the head of the weak female who dares to dispute with him. He puzzles me though, and I can't make it out at all—why he is actually kissing her! It seems it was only a minute ago that he was striking at her with his long beak and she was bowing her head to receive the blows. Not very long docile though, she has a spirit of her own and when milord is a little distracted she hastily pecks him just on the very nice silver precision of his waistcoat. It seems to pass unnoticed for a moment, but of a sudden he is roused to fury, and, bending over her, he beats her with his beak and she writhes, beneath his blows. She looks prettier when she writhes, she seems more of silver and less of dark green than when she stands still, and she bobs very gracefully on the bough. I think I like her best; he must be rather a bully to treat her so, and she seems so gentle sitting there quietly until he disturbs her. I would like to know what it is all about, but a mere human being can only dream and guess and make fanciful conjectures. I shall never know, because even though I could speak any word of any of nature's wild languages, there is no mouth from which an explanation may come.

I am lying on my back under a huge peepal tree far out of the village and the wind blows happily and briskly round me. Through the leaves of the tree the bright sun shines patchily, catching the shining surface of the leaves and turning them to silver. The green of the lower leaves is untouched, but the green of the upper leaves is intensified. As I look upwards, I still see them in a little space about as big as a small picture, they are still nodding, pecking, waving on the bough. I suppose they will wave there until the wind whisks them off and down to the ground, there to flutter about until they are dried and browned in the keen rays of the sun and are finally trodden into the earth by the feet of the passing village cattle. They have finished the car and we are homeward bound.

MRS. B. ABDY COLLINS.

The Last Glory of the Malik.

IT was in the evening, in the Spring of the year, 1856. The wood which bordered the southern boundary of the Faizabad district presented a magnificent scene. Night was fast approaching; a few loitering crows were swiftly winging their way home. In the east the last glory of the sun had tinged the budding leaves and blossoms, and then paled away. The air was calm. At a distance was flowing a rivulet along whose banks a herd of deer was silently browsing, and some of them were quenching their thirst. Intense solitude brooded over the landscape, an intense silence, unbroken save by the cooing of a dove in the heart of the wood or by the distant call of a jackal.

A solitary rider was slowly proceeding along the foot path through the wood. He was a handsome, young man of about twenty four. The rider was richly dressed and his horse was also magnificently equipped. But he looked melancholy; the surrounding scenery had little charm for him. He was busy with his own thoughts and soliloquy. "So, the king of Oudh," said he, "is deposed, the army disbanded, and I am an aimless wanderer. How shall I report the matter to my father? The ancient sages have said, 'Every one is charged with a special duty, and he wisely performs it so as to keep harmony with the Universe.' Was it my lot to deliver this message of humiliation without striking a blow and then to die an ignominious death? Would that I had never been born! A few weeks ago the whole country was ringing with my fame." He looked round and again continued: "Glory is like a mountain from which the man who climbs is sure to fall. Ambition, thou art a mirage which tempts a thirst-afflicted

caravan in the desert! Happy are those who are ignorant, because they are less ambitious. Curse this civilization. It is the generator of selfishness which pervades every individual being. The period which we enlightened people call 'the Dark Age' was the 'Golden Age.' Man was then a child of Nature and the world in infancy."

By this time the traveller had reached the interior of the wood and was about to vanish into the dense thicket. He was reciting a couplet from Sadi, when he heard a scream from among the bushes on his right. The cry was followed by the words, "No, I will never go. Who is he to sell me? Merciful God, help me." Then came a man's voice, "Girl, you must follow us, or we force you." Again the girl cried, "No, you shall not touch me. Oh leave me in peace!" Without pausing to consider whether it was prudent to interfere, the traveller dashed to the spot.

He saw a beautiful girl of about eighteen standing among a crowd of savage-looking armed men. This girl was Fatima, the daughter of a chieftain of Doulatabad, Sher Ali Khan. Sher Ali had accepted a large amount of money from an upstart chieftain who had risen from an obscure origin, and in that period of anarchy, had made a fortune. This man now wanted to purge his low birth by marriage with such a high family as the Khan's, so gave money in abundance. To the great dishonour of his house, the Nawab of Daulatabad gave his daughter Fatima to him. She bitterly hated this match, but was forced to go, and that evening she was on her way to him. But when she neared the place, she sprang from the palanquin and began to rail and defy the escorts.

The cavalier understood the whole situation at a glance. They were dragging her to the palanquin. He lost his patience and exclaimed: "In the name of justice and God, leave her. Touch her again and death to every body." "Who are you?" asked one of them. "What have you to do with us? Go your way."

"Leave her, I command you," said the traveller, drawing his sword.

In a moment, fifty swords shone against one. They rushed at him and he attacked them like a wolf a flock of sheep. He was everywhere, dealing and parrying blows. His sword flashed among them, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. There was great confusion among his opponents. Soon several of them lay lifeless. The rest lost heart and fled in consternation. The victor did not pursue them, but simply said: "Away with your life; for an Indian soldier does not pursue fugitives."

Then he dismounted and went where the lady stood in astonishment and awe. He raised her up to the croupe and, mounting before her, galloped off towards a village which was two miles away. This village was called Begikol and owned by him. He made his way to his own bungalow.

Arriving at the gate he met the domestics, and ordered supper and two beds. Then he alighted and went into the house with the lady. The servants were surprised by the unexpected arrival of their master and hurried in all directions. In an hour, the supper was announced and the new comers sat at the table. Now, for the first time, the lady broke her silence. She said "May I have the honour to know the name of my saviour?"

"I am Malik Kaiser Beg of Arika," said the host gently.

"Then my protector is the prominent commander of Oudh, whose name sways the hearts of the brave, who is beloved by his friends and feared by his foes?"

"No, my noble guest," returned the other sadly. "The Kingdom of Oudh exists no longer. With my own eyes I saw the end of the Kingdom and could do nothing. Now I am an aimless wanderer."

"Are you in earnest, my Lord?"

"Yes, it is all too true. You are Fatima of Doulatabad, are you not?"

"I am that same unfortunate girl." Without more conversation, they retired to their respective beds, because both of them were tired by the toil of the day.

Next morning, with the lady, he started on his journey to Arika, for it was still his father's residence. It was not very far off. In two hours he was crossing the river Majhui and entered Arika. The village was awake and busy. At a distance among the trees was gleaming his ancestral mansion.

His father sat in the verandah enjoying the fresh cool breeze of the morning. He approached him and bowed.

The old father was surprised, and said, "How now, my boy?"

"Father," said the son, "my story is long and miserable. In short, the King of Oudh is dethroned on the accusation of misrule; in Lucknow flutters the English flag, and the army is disbanded. Consequently I am dismissed."

"Good God," exclaimed the old man, "that I should have lived to hear this!" He fell back lifeless. The son tried in vain to wake him from the eternal sleep.

* * * * *

One year passed away; it was the year of the Mutiny. It gave opportunity to marauders to ravage the country, and Sher Ali Khan had turned an avowed enemy of Malik Kaiser. He also found a good opportunity of taking revenge. So he mustered a large number of men. By the time, Kaiser, unconscious of impending danger, was residing at Begikol with a few

guards round him. Fatima, who was now his wife, was with him and was the source of all his happiness. One night, while he was sleeping, he was roused by the yell of men outside. Sher had surprised his residence, and his followers were mercilessly cutting down the guards. He at once armed himself and with unsheathed sword plunged among the enemies. The contest was long and deadly. He fought bravely, but the enemies were too strong for him. He was almost exhausted and his sword began to strike slowly. His lady, from the balcony, cried, "Courage, my lord!" He looked over his shoulder to see her, and smiled. In that moment a ruffian's dagger pierced his heart. He fell down. "My Lord, my Lord," cried the lady and stepped forth. In a second she too was a corpse on the ground.

ABU MUHAMMAD,
Senior Intermediate.

Alexander the Great at the Battle of Issus

334 B. C.

HE came,—a hero or a god—
 Saw Persia's might to ruin hurled,
 Gazed round the field his phalanx trod,
 And "mine" he cried "a vanquished world,
 Lands where yon eastern sun doth shine,
 To Persia's farthest bourns are mine !

" Fate fans to flame by night and day
 The Olympian fire within my breast.
 Inheritor of God-like sway,
 This hand shall link the East and West.
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall mark the bounds of empire won.

" When Xerxes with his countless host
 The patriot heart of Greece defied,
 His was a tyrant's idle boast,
 For Greece hurled back the invaders' tide
 And raised o'er baffled Persia's shame
 A monument of deathless fame.

" But now to me the Gods accord,
 With bleeding Persia at my feet,
 A conqueror's might, a conqueror's sword
 To bid all earth-born monarchs greet,
 When victory waves her purple wings,
 Their conqueror as the king of kings !

" My sword whose flash is victory,
 Lo ! It hath dazed the Persian's eyes.
 All vain his pomp of chivalry,
 Trembling for life Darius flies,
 Forsaking on the battle-plain
 His Queen, his treasures, and his train.

" Great Zeus, who from Olympus' height
 Surveys his limitless domain,
 Lends to my arm his heaven-born might
 As presage of imperial reign ;
 Gives to my conquering sword alone
 Proud Persia's sceptre, crown and throne.

" Nay, more than Persia's wide domain,
 From where the Nile's slow waters glide
 To where, upon his torrid plain,
 The broad-browed Indus rolls his tide,
 All lands are mine, their ancient fame
 Lost in the glory of my name !

" Supreme in triumph's gloricus hour,
 My nod unconquered realms obey ;
 Zeus grants unto his son the power
 The destinies of worlds to sway,
 Till men shall hail in war and peace
 The star of life that rose in Greece !"

Sir NIZAMAT JUNG.

THE NEW YEAR.

FULL circle done, the earth has come again
 To trace its course with stars around the sun ;
 New year has dawned to banish grief and pain.
 Rejoice this day, my friend, that makes us one.

So Time moves on unhindered to the end ;
 For Prince or Peasant turns he not aside,
 But rolleth, while the earth is left to wend
 Its course around the sun in orbit wide.

All things change with the march of Time, my friend ;
 Yet on this festive day, my love, my dear,
 It seems the same round, the same stars attend,
 The world looks as it did before a year.

But we who love see old give way to new,
 Behold all things submerged by waves of change,
 All save that Friendship, still in me and you,
 That keeps intact beyond the moving range.

Thus constant still in the changing world we are,
 Each chained to each by cords of love we ride.
 So be it with us, tho' times move afar,
 Still friends, defying Death and Time with pride,

M. S. SANKARAN,
Senior B. A.

News & Notes.

THE begining of the academic year saw the well-merited success of our College Candidate, Professor Qadir Husain Khan M. A., in the Syndicate Election. The successful return of our professor to the Syndicate of the University of Madras has been the first laurel of its kind ever won by our College. We offer our congratulations to Mr. Qadir Husain on his successful return in the election.

It was with feelings of regret that we parted from Professor Ahmed Mohiuddin, B. A. (Cantab.), the other evening, when he was transferred from the College on other duty. When Mr. Mohiuddin used to be in our midst, none could miss the smiling and amiable figure that presented itself now in the class-room and now in the field. As a professor, Mr. Ahmed Mohiuddin endeared himself to many of his students by his kindness, geniality, and unfailing courtesy. The services rendered by him to the Historical Society as Vice-President are fresh in the minds of our readers. His patient hearing and exposition of abstruse problems in Economics proved an incentive to the students to take an interest in his subject. While he was so good in the class-room, he was even more prominent on the foot-ball field. Almost every match played by our College included our professor in the team. He carries with him pleasant memories of his students and we wish him all success in the new sphere that he has entered.

Nizam College wins the Nobel Prize? "The potential Nobel Prize-winner" (to quote the significant words of Sir C. V. Raman) hails from our College. Mr. S. Bhagavan-tam, B. Sc., is an old boy of the College and is now under the

guidance of Professor Raman in his Institute at Calcutta. The great professor referred to our College student as the potential winner of the Nobel prize. As we extend our hearty congratulations to Sir Raman and his affectionate student, we wish to remind our freshmen to carry the torch forward and keep to the high ideals of their predecessors.

The Nizam College Union had a happy function to perform the other day when Mr. S. M. Kirmani B.A., was elected as a life-member of the Union. Mr. Kirmani had a brilliant career in the College and he also acquitted himself creditably in the H. C. S. Examination. He was successful in the I. C. S. Examination and sent to England for training. He belongs to the splendid galaxy of stars of the type of C. Bhaskarniya F. C. S., S. Jaya Rao I. C. S., some of our old boys. We hope that he will discharge his duties to the country creditably under the reformed constitutional government.

It was a pleasure to hear this year the brilliant addresses of Sir Akbar Hydari and Professor Radhakrishnan in our College Hall. The Finance Member's spirited appeal to the future citizens of Hyderabad to be loyal to their State, and to direct the torch of Objective Vision towards themselves, to root out all the ill-feelings that arise out of communalism, found a responsive chord in the hearts of his young hearers. Sir Radhakrishnan's masterly exposition of "Humanism" was an intellectual treat that attracted eminent men like Sir Ameen Jung to our college. In his own inimitable and captivating manner, Professor Radhakrishnan explained to the gathering the broad aspects of the lines along which the East and the West developed their philosophic thought and he proposed a synthesis between the two main currents of thought to form a harmonious and concordant compromise. The learned professor was kind enough to send us a message which we publish on the next page.

"I am glad to know that you propose to have a Magazine for the College. I wish it all success. I have no doubt that it will stand up for the highest ideals and enable its readers to rise above petty provincial and communal feelings."

Our Annual Sports Day proved the crowning event of the academic year. Thanks to the support of the Old Boys and the students, we were able to arrange a good social gathering. Lieutenant Colonel Keyes, C. M. G., C. S. I., C. I. E., our popular Resident, was kind enough to grace the occasion with his presence and give a few words of advice to the students of the College. He was highly pleased with the achievements of the College in various directions, and referred to it as the oldest institution in the State. He observed that the Nizam College had given a lead to other institutions in the direction of athletics and sports while maintaining its reputation as a seat of learning by producing very good results in the University Examinations. What struck him most, however, was the running of a full staff-team in Cricket and Foot-ball – a happy feature seldom seen in other colleges in India. We hope that Hon'ble the Resident will continue to take the same keen interest in the institution as he has shown ever since his arrival in Hyderabad.

As we go to press, we have received from Nawab Lutful Dowla Bahadur a superb Gold Cup of massive workmanship. This will be a rolling cup, competed for in an annual elocution contest under the auspices of the Nizam College Union, and open to students from all the Colleges of Hyderabad State. On behalf of all connected with the College, the Union tender the most sincere and respectful thanks to the Nawab Saheb for his princely gift. It will always serve to remind us of a large hearted giver, one of the truest scions of the ancient and honoured nobility of Hyderabad, who have always been so closely associated with our Alma Mater. May he live long in our midst, to further the causes which he has always had at heart!

We are informed that H. H. the Sankaracharya of Kumbakonam will be paying a visit to Hyderabad in the course of a few months. It will be a happy day indeed for our readers when they hear the sweet and reasoned words of the great Swami who has endeared himself to the whole of South India by his austere and pious life of devotion. His Holiness has a high regard for Islam, Christianity, and other religions. His powerful personality has a magnetic influence on the student-population wherever he goes, and his interest in students is equally profound. We extend a hearty welcome to His Holiness on his coming to our city.

"You can hardly distinguish a Hindu from a Muslim in our Hyderabad. We are all one here." This was the sentiment given expression to by our Principal in his concluding remarks to the stirring appeal made by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru when the Round Tabler addressed the students last year. Dr. Sapru was referring to the menace of communal spirit that was abroad among the older generation and asked the students to kill the demon of communalism. How profoundly true the remarks of our Chief Editor are, can be easily proved by the hearty co-operation of all the students who have risen above communal and narrow considerations and have worked for the Magazine as the sons of the Alma Mater. To cultivate and develop that spirit of mutual co-operation for common good will be the message with which we bid adieu to our kind readers till September next.

M. S. SANKARAN.

M. A. ASHRUFF.

Joint Secretaries.

Our Societies.

THE NIZAM COLLEGE UNION.

THE life of the Union for the current academic year was not only marked by a healthy competition for office, but also revealed the spirit of Hindu-Muslim unity which pervades the whole College. It was able to expand its activities in several directions. The term began with the election of Mr. K. A. Jonathan as Vice-President, Mr. B. Krishnamurti, Secretary, and Mr. P. B. Rangachary as Reading Room Manager, the other office-bearers being Mr. W. Turner, President and Professor Qadir Husain Khan, Member ex-officio.

Sir Akbar Hydari delivered the Inaugural Address on 'Objectivity' (extracts from which appear in this issue) on 8th August before a large and distinguished gathering in the College Hall.

The Union held four ordinary meetings during the term in which important subjects of current interest were discussed by members, and as many as six special meetings addressed by prominent outsiders.

Sir Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, visited the College in September and gave an eloquent and impressive discourse on "Humanism" under the Presidentship of Sir Ameen Jung.

Dr. Khalifa Abdul Hakim of the Osmania University spoke on 'New India,' Mrs. Rosenthal read a thoughtful paper on the "Romantic Movement in English Literature." Rev. W. E. H. Organe spoke on the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Mirza Nasrulla Beg M.A., Bar-at-Law, an old student of the College, gave recitations from English Poetry.

An interesting feature of the Union's activity last year was the Inter-Collegiate debate in September when representatives of the Osmania University College, the Osmania Medical College, Government City College and Government Physical Training College took part. The Union also formed a Dramatic Section, with Professor R. Krishnamurti M.A., as President to improve the histrionic talent amongst its members, and held the usual competitions for the Essay-Writing and the Elocution prizes. It gave a 'Social' to congratulate Mr. Kirmani on his success in the I. C. S. competitive examination. Its latest venture is the 'Collegian' which is before you now.

URDU LITERARY UNION.

President-Professor Aga Haider Husain. Dehlvi M.B.A.S., (London). Vice-President-Mr. Aga Mohd. Baquer Kirmani. Junior B.A. Secretary-Mr. Syed Hasan Zaidi. Senior Inter. Treasurer-Ahmed Abdul Jabbar.

The above mentioned office-bearers were elected at the meeting of the general body of the Union. Professor Aga Haider, in outlining the aims and activities of the Union, referred to the fact that there are many books in Urdu Language written by eminent men which are still unpublished due to the poverty of the authors and to the indifference of the Public with the result that the language is deprived of its high literary merits. "One of the main objects of this Union," he said, "was to publish these books from the funds of the Union, so as to promote greater interest among the students in the works of eminent men in their own language."

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Moulvi Laquna Ali Sahib of Lucknow, who gave a learned dissertation on "Tolerance." The worthy speaker referred to the various forms of toleration and concluded with an appeal to the students to sink their various religious differences. The Union had on its agenda a poetry competition similar

to that held last year when most of the famous poets of Hyderabad took part. The contest was held under the patronage of that most eminent man of letters, Nawab Hyder Yar Jung Bahadur-Taba tabai. In the near future, the annual Essay-writing competition will be held which brings our college students in contact with the various literary men of Hyderabad.

Many debates were held this year, when most of the Urdu speaking students spoke on various current topics. The attention of the college is now centered on the coming Elo-cution competition which is keenly contested and the Annual Social Gathering when prizes are given.

Another formidable factor in the College is the

TELUGU LITERARY UNION

under the presidentship of Mr. S. Viswanatha Sastry M. A. At the general body of this Union Messrs. P. B. Rangachary and P. Ramadeekshatulu were respectively elected as Vice-President and Secretary. The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. Cherakuwad-Narasimham Pantulu, one of the most eloquent members of the Andhra Desa. The subject was "The Ideals of a student." Up till now, four ordinary meetings have been held of which one was a debate.

The Union has an independant magazine which was founded in 1929 and appears in manuscript. Essays on local politics and on the subject of love are strictly prohibited. The main aim of the magazine is to provide facilities for the improvement of the student's literary knowledge.

The Marathi speaking students have a Union of their own called

THE MARATHI LITERARY UNION

under the able presidentship of Prof. R. A. Kshirsagar who is assisted by Messrs. Kshirsagar and S. K. Gokhale, the former being the Vice-President and the latter the Secretary.

The Inaugural Address of this Union was delivered by Mr. R. M. Joshi, M.A., who spoke on the "Efficacy of Prayer." Many debates were held during the year and among the multiplicity of topics discussed were "The kind of Education at present needed for India" and "The Significance of Idolatry." The speeches made displayed precision of expression and justness of thought and contained no irrelevant matter, due to the rule of the Union which prohibits those speakers from coming to the stage who have no suitable and apt points.

The Sanskrit Union has absorbed many of the Marathi speaking students with the result that more meetings could not be held as mutual advantages had to be considered.

A social gathering of the Union is held annually in the President's house. It is decided to hold an Elocution competition in the near future.

THE SANSKRIT UNION.

The Sanksrit Union (नीवर्णसभा) is just an infant born last year, with the lofty ideal of perserving and popularising the ancient culture of India. It is conducted under the able guidance of Professor Somayajulu, its Persident. Professor Sitarama Rao M. A., is the Vice-President of the Union and Mr. D. G. Dhareshwar of Junior B. A. Class is the Secretary. It is already popular and has enlisted the support of students from Telugu and Marathi sections also.

The Inaugural Address of the Union was delivered by Pandit Bhojacharya on "The Study of Sanskrit". The learned lecturer spoke in easy and fluent Sanskrit and his accent and intonation charmed the students who had seldom heard the classical language spoken before. The speaker referred to the position of Sanskrit in relation to the Vernaculars of India and expressed high hopes that the present awakening will lead people to take greater interest in their ancient culture. At

the next meeting, Mr. Kshir Sagar of the Senior B. A. Class read a paper in English on "Kalidasa as a Poet". He drew an interesting comparison between the Indian Dramatist and the Elizabethan Genius by referring to the points of resemblance between the two great representatives of the East and the West. Pandit Abhinava Bodhayana's masterly address which formed the program for the next meeting was "Religion in the Materialistic Age". His speech was a biting satire on the growing materialism of the age, when men have forgotten the spiritual value of life and begun to count everything in terms of the Almighty Dollar. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks in Sanskrit proposed by Mr. M. S. Sankaran of the Senior B. A. Class.

More is yet to be done by the Union to achieve its end. The ambition of its promoters is to train the students to speak in Sanskrit—an ambition which we hope will be realised in the course of a few years.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

The above society is conducted under the able Presidentship of Mr. W. Turner M. A. (Edin.) who is assisted by three Vice-Presidents, Dr. Kameswara Rao D. Sc., Professor Arunachala Sastriar, M. A., L. T., and Professor Rama Rao M. A., representing the Departments of Physics, Mathematics and Chemistry respectively Mr. N.V. Sadagopan of the Senior B.Sc., Class is the Secretary of the Society. The aim of the promoters of the Society has been to make its members march with the progress of Scientific Knowledge and be alive to all the modern inventions in the Scientific World.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Professor Adbur Rahman Khan B. A., B. Sc., (London) A. R. C. Sc., when he spoke on "Some Aspects of Modern Physics". The lecture attracted a large audience and the function proved a success.

The Secretary, Mr. Sadagopan, is to be congratulated upon the large number of lectures he was able to organise this year by making many of the members come forward and speak on subjects bearing on theoretical and applied sciences. Another notable feature of this year's work was the arranging of excursions to places of industrial interest. The excursions to the Railway Work Shop at Lallaguda and the Coal Mines at Singareni proved very interesting in as much as they enabled the members to study science outside the class-room. Mention must be made here of the delightful and instructive lecture delivered by the paper chemist, Mr. Venkajee B.A., F. C. S., on "The Romance of Paper."

The attention of the College is now centred on the coming Science Exhibition which provides for the lay public an opportunity of understanding several everyday applications of modern science.

Another notable Society in our College is the

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

which is conducted under the presidentship of Professor S. Hanumantha Rao M. A., L. T., who is assisted by Messrs B. V. Devadas and M. Ram Mohan of the Senior B. A. Class. The latter two are the elected Vice-President and Secretary respectively of the Union.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Bishagrathna Sreemati Sumati Devi B. A., B. T., (of the Prema Ashram of Sage Taranath) when she spoke on "The Epochs of History from Creature to Creator." The learned speaker also referred to some interesting aspects of history and the facilities it provides for its students in understanding human life. At the second meeting, Mr. P. Narasimha Rao of the IV Honours Class gave an eloquent discourse on "Equality and Liberty." The concluding remarks of Professor Hanumantha Rao, who

presided on the occasion, were a masterly address that appealed to all sections of the audience. Dr. Yousuf Husain M. A., Ph.D of the Osmania University College delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on "Dara Shekooch" when the distinguished speaker referred to the ascetic-prince of Delhi in eulogistic terms. But what proved the most interesting program for the year was the debate that was proposed by Mr. Seshadri of the Senior Intermediate Class that "Akbar's religious policy was due to political expediency and not due to rational convictions". The proposer had a good many points to say, and the interesting feature about the opposer was that he came to read out a paper himself instead of answering the learned proposer. There was a lively discussion about the debate, and the president's concluding statement that only psycho-analysis could reveal the mental convictions of any man proved perhaps the easiest possible solution to the problem.

A Farewell Address was presented to Professor Ahmed Mohiuddin B. A. (Cautab.) on the eve of his departure from the College on other duty. A group-photo was taken and a tea-party was also given to the out-going professor by the members of the Society.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

(The following comprise the more important rules of the Old Boys' Association. They have been given for the information of the numerous Alumni of our College. It is hoped that by the starting of "The Collegian" a greater contact will be brought about between the Old Boys and the freshmen)

1. The aims and objects of the Association shall be:—
 - (a) to bring together the past students of the Nizam College.
 - (b) to co-operate with the Nizam College in all its social and athletic activities.
 - (c) to maintain a list of Old Boys of the Nizam College.

2. With the view of promoting the above objects, the association shall hold an annual dinner and offer prizes and scholarships for the encouragement of the present students of the College.
3. Any bona-fide student of the Nizam College shall be eligible for membership. The general subscription shall be Rs. 2 annually.
4. The office-bearers of the Association shall be a President, a General Secretary, and Joint Secretary who shall also be the Treasurer. There shall be a Managing Committee consisting of 9 members, including the office bearers. The office-bearers and the members of the Committee shall be elected at the annual General Meeting of the Association.
5. The Managing Committee shall meet at least 3 times in a year. Not less than two office-bearers and one member shall form the Quorum of the Managing Committee.
6. Not less than 20 members resident in Hyderabad shall form the Quorum for the General Meeting.
7. The annual general meeting shall be held in Azur. A special general meeting may be called either by the Managing Committee or on the requisition of not less than 20 members.

All enquiries for further details may be addressed to Mr. Raghavan B. A., B. T., Joint Secretary of the Association.

MISCELLANEOUS

Among the other societies in the College, special mention should be made of the Camera Club conducted by Professor R. Krishnamurti M. A. The club was first

started two years ago with a view to popularise photography among its members. Thanks to the enthusiastic labours of Professor Krishnamurti, the club has been doing interesting and useful work. Theoretical lectures and practical demonstrative classes are being held often, and the members are encouraged in pursuing photography as a hobby. There is also a Radio Club, conducted under the auspices of the Science Society.

The existence of two reading rooms conducted by the Nizam College Union and the Science Society speaks volumes for the immense interest that the members have been taking in the College activities. These rooms are furnished with up-to-date journals and periodicals and they have been catering creditably to the needs of the members.

The Inter-College Debating Competition for the current year will be held under the auspices of the Literary Union in the month of February. The handsome Cup of Nawab Lutful Dowla Bahadur will be the prize for the competition. Detailed rules for entering the competition can be got from the Secretary, The Literary Union, Nizam College, Hyderabad Deccan.



NIZAM COLLEGE CRICKETERS
(who had been to Bangalore and Mysore.)

By Courtesy of
To
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CRICKET

THIS year's activities in Cricket maintained the high traditions of previous years. Almost every year our College XI has won the Trophy by coming out victoriously in the tournaments held by the Hyderabad Athletic Association. This year, in the Inter-College Tournament, the College XI had to meet with the worthy XI of the Osmania University and after a fair fight brought laurels to our College to the great joy of the students and professors, thanks to Messrs. Masood-ul-Hasain, Hashim Ali Khan, Gulam Ali and Hashim Ali Tahir, who contributed much to the success. This year the team played against the Aligarh University XI and the Madras Engineering College XI.

CHRISTMAS TOUR

Another feature of this year's activities that will be of interest to the readers of "The Collegian" is the successful tour of our Cricket team to the districts of Bangalore and Mysore in the Christmas vacation. In the six fixtures, the team lost only one fixture, while the rest were drawn. Again our Cricket champions Messrs. Miraj Ali and Vasudeva Rao put up a gallant fight against the opponents by their marvellous batting and bowling. The College XI won a decisive victory in Mysore against the combined team of College and High School players. In their short sojourn, both in Bangalore and Mysore, our Cricketers won the appreciation of the home teams for their exceptional sporting spirit.

FOOT-BALL

The College started its foot-ball season very nicely this year by beginning with the inter-class tournament. The Principal took keen interest in the game by taking an active

part in some of the matches. The enthusiastic students also took his lead, and there were many players as a result this season. The College was able to send in two teams for the inter-college tournament.

The outstanding feature of the Foot-ball team this year was that it fared very well in practice matches against some of the best teams in the station. But in the tournament matches it lost to the Medical College.

A number of matches were played this season and Professor Ahmed Mohiuddin (who is now away from us on other duty) took great interest in the team by playing for the College XI and he was indeed a good asset to the team. Since Mr. Sreenivasulu, the Foot-Ball Captain, happened to be one of the College Cricket XI also, he could not do full justice to the foot-ball team. The team lost against the Medical College in the inter-college tournament, and in the Nundhi Tournament the team came up to the Semi-Finals and lost by one goal to the First Infantry, the winners of the tournament. The following represented the College XI.

Sreenivasulu (Captain)	II year
Rangiah Naidu	IV year
A. V. Ramanujam	IV year
Venkateswarlu	IV year
Padma Rao	II year
Lakshmiah	II year
Zaidhi	II year
Indra Sen	II year
Narayan Reddy	II year
B. V. Seshadri	II year

HOCKEY

The College opened its hockey season (1930-31) on 24th November 1930. More than thirty matches were played within a short period of two months with teams like the Saifabad Combined, The Sporting Union, The Jolly Eleven, and the Railway, our team winning the majority of them. Two teams were sent in for the Inter-College tournament and our "A" team secured the trophy for the College. Credit is due to all our players and especially to Mr. Ramanujam of the Senior B. A. Class who was in excellent form throughout the season. We were unable to enter our team for other local tournaments owing to the summer vacations. We regret the loss that our team suffered owing to the sad and untimely death of Mr. Rangaswamy, one of our best players.

The following represented our College in the finals of the Inter-College Tournament.

Mr. Nagabhushnam

- „ Rangaswamy
- „ Nooh Abbasi
- „ K. P. Reddy
- „ Srinavas
- „ A. K. Chida
- „ Ramanujam
- „ K. C. Henry
- „ R. Naidu
- „ A. Quayum
- „ Jagannathan
- „ Padma Rao
- „ Guruswamy

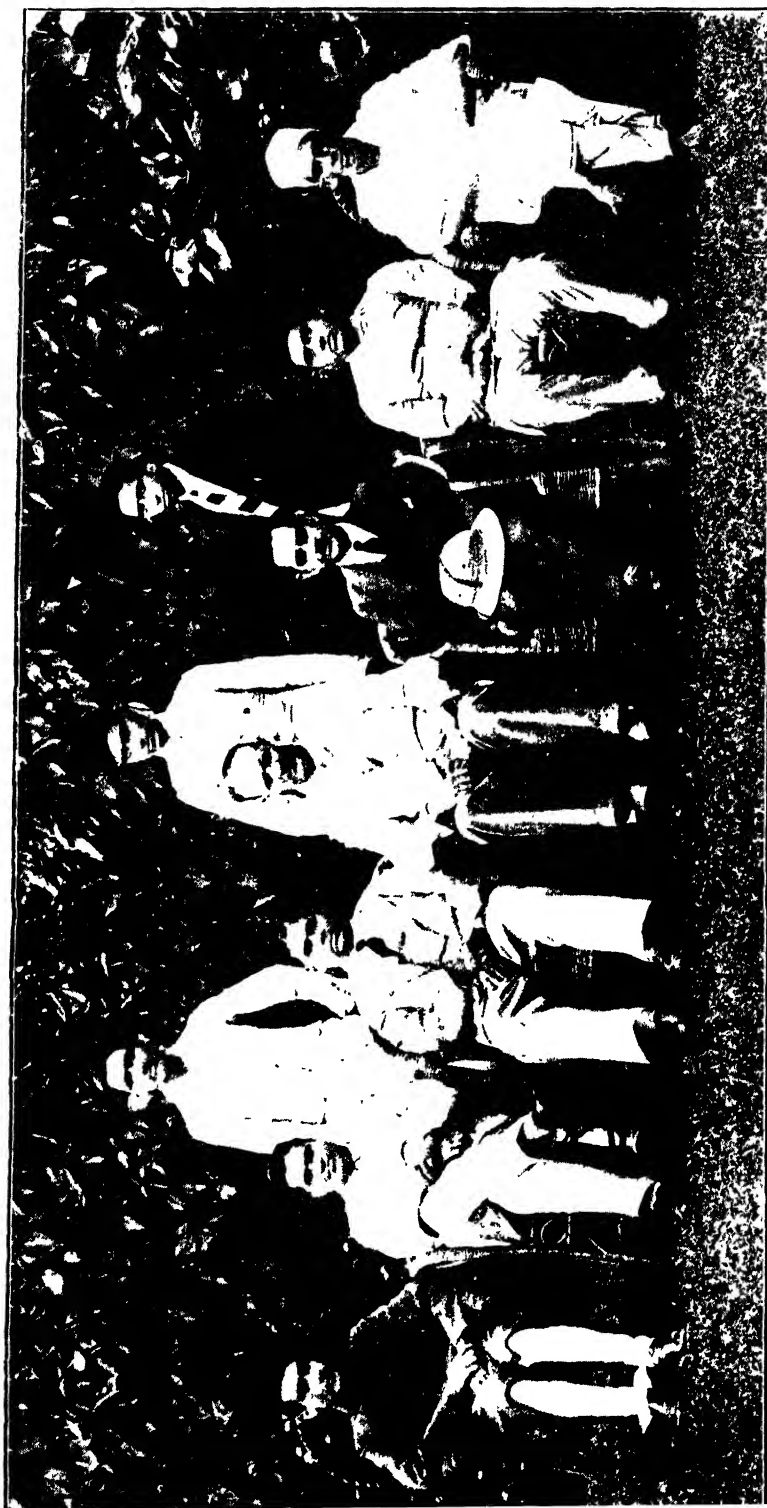
Medals were given to the team by Nawab Jaffer Hussain Khan and Cups by the College.

MADRASA-ALIYA CRICKET.

This year's cricket season afforded the majority of the school boys a chance of playing in matches. For there were four teams A, B, C and D, graded according to merit. The A team under the able captaincy of that all-round cricketer, Meraj Ali, played nearly 16 matches and won all, without a solitary exception. The Inter-School Tournament Championship shield was secured permanently for the school this year. In this connection, Messrs Hashim Ali Tahir and Mumtaz Ali are to be congratulated, the former for winning the best batting prize and the latter for securing the best bowling one. But in praising the A team we must not forget the other three who for the most part consisted of very young boys, who, after toiling at the nets twice a week, managed to win most of the matches they played. In the Inter House Tournament both the A and B teams of the Imad-ul-Mulk House won the finals.

MADRASA-ALIYA FOOTBALL.

In this season, we played altogether 24 matches of which 10 were won, 6 drawn, and 8 lost. For the first time we entered for the Shawcross Shield Tournament, and as this tournament was conducted on the 'League' system, we had good practice throughout. We played 8 matches, but unfortunately, all on the Athletic Association grounds. Of those who took a prominent part in the game, and played throughout the season, mention may be made of Ashrafuddin Ali, Baqur Mahmood, Dawood Ali and Sirajuddin. The last and by far the most interesting game of the season was the Show Match against the Jagirdars' College. This Match was played on our ground, and we were unfortunate to lose it.



SITTING (LEFT TO RIGHT) - Mr. M. A. Ashruff.

W. Turner Esq., M. A. (Fdin)

Ali Akbar Esq., M. A. (Cantab)

STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT) - Mr R. Sundara Rajan.

Dr. Kameshwar Rao, D. Sc

Vidvan S. V. Sastry, M. A.

Mr. Syed Kazim Hussain

Qadir Hussain Esq., M. A.

Mr. M. S. Sankaran.

Mr. B. Krishnamurthy.

"The Collegian"

(An illustrated, half-yearly journal conducted
by the students of the Nizam College)*

The Magazine has been started this year with a view to afford an opportunity to the students for self-expression in English. All topics of interest to the student-population will be considered by the Editors. The following subjects will deserve special attention: 1. Short stories 2. Dramas, in one act. 3. Humorous and delightful sketches of the classroom. 4. Short poems. 5. Short articles on philosophical, scientific, historical, or economic problems treated in a popular manner.

Controversial articles on religion or politics are not accepted. The Editors reserve the full right to delete or alter portions or the whole of any article. Mss. for publication shall not exceed five pages of ordinary hand. Typewritten articles will be preferred.

It is hoped that the Old Boys will also find in the Magazine the proper channel for bringing together the old and the new children of the Alma Mater. Contributions from the Alumni of the College also will be welcomed by Mr. Ali Akbar M. A. (Cantab.), the member representing the Old Boys in the Editorial Board. All the old Boys are requested to become subscribers of "The Collegian".

Annual Subscription	...	Rs. 2 only	} In advance.
Price per single copy	Rs. 1 only	

* In view of the fact that the scheme of the Magazine was started late this academic year, there will be only one issue as first volume. From the next academic year (1932-33) there will be two issues (one in September and another in February) for every year.

TO THE ADVERTISERS.

The Magazine affords an easy medium for advertising the goods of businessmen in as much as our Journal finds a place in the hands of all the students of the College, present and past, beside the several copies that are sent out to the other Colleges in British India. The following are the charges for a single insertion in the magazine.

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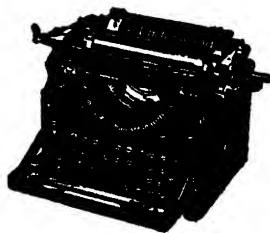
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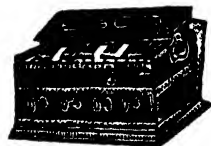
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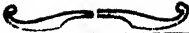
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